THE NEW YORK STAGE

Interesting Gossip About Players and Plays in the East.

Modjeska in a New Play at the Grand This Week-At the Other Houses.

NEW YORK, March 23.-Seventy years ago William Hazlett wrote that the stage of his time was a field barren of great actors. Hazlett's assertion points to one fact of interest to the present generation of playgoers, to-wit, that the constant cry of degeneracy against the theater of to-day is not warranted by the chronicles of the past. Twenty players of our time might be named who are doing more for the purity and elevation of dramatic art than the earlier actors ever tried to do since the days of Shakspeare himself. The present writer remembers meeting, several years ago, Lawrence Barrett and General Sherman in Mr. Robson's dressing room in a Washington theater, at a time when the comedian was giving a rather unpretentious performance of "The Comedy of Errors." The General remarked that the audience seemed charmed with the play, and were particularly lavish in their applause. Robson replied:

"You should have been in front last night, General; they were as cold as icicles. We had plenty of 'big wigs,' but great people have a peculiar knack sometimes of showing their appreciation of great things. The wittlest lines of the divine master received very little attention, but in the second act, when the little negro boy, about ten years old, appeared as a page, his funny black face wreathed in smiles, grave Senators leaped to their feet and fairly shouted with laughter. Shakspeare was forgotten, and a pair of Supreme Court judges assisted the cheering audience in bringing the little fellow in front of the

"That reminds me," said Lawrence Barrett, "of what Miss Ellen Terry told me of the first time she played in "Romeo and Juliet." She met the Earl of Beaconsfield after the performance, and asked him how he liked her Juliet. He replied that he was sure she was very good, but he thought the best thing in the play was where that old druggist sold the poison to

"I can ring down the curtain on something quite as strong as that," said Mr. Robson. "I remember meeting at a dinner given me in Boston a prominent ministera mild-mannered, kindly divine of the old school. I was the first actor he had ever met, and we had quite a little talk. When I was about to leave he patted me on the back and said: 'My dear friend, you are nearing my age. You appear to be a good man and a clever one, but how sad it is to think that you have wasted all these years as a circus rider.' I didn't correct him. You see, the old man's knowledge of the stage was a little mixed, and he regarded the whole show business in the light of a circus performance."

'But hasn't a decided change come over the people of late in regard to the dignity of the actor's calling?" queried General Sherman. "Decidedly," answered the comedian "The church has no longer the power to

brand the theater as the hotbed of iniquity, and the voice of the chattering idiot who proclaimed that Shakspeare spelled 'ruin' is hushed forever. The great fortunes of the stage are in the pockets of the players of the legitimate drama. Lotta is, of course, an exception to this rule, and there are doubtless some others, but they are born actors of extraordinary ability and unbounded popularity."

With an agreeable recollection of this interview, the writer renewed his acquaint-ance with Mr. Robson at Abbey's Theater a few nights ago after the fall of the cur-tain on "The Comedy of Errors," and in the coerse of a pleasant conversation asked him why he had spent such a lot of money on a play which drew so well when he had presented it in a more modest form. The comedian replied, "No successful actor has a right to die until he has done something good for his art, and when I commence management some seventeen years ago l determined that as soon as my purse per-mitted I would present 'The Comedy of Errors' with a competent cast, regardless of cost, and in a manner as near perfection as the possibilities of the stage would allow. The result of that determination is seen in this production." When I left the room I smilingly recalled Bill Nye's opinion of this most charming man. These are his words: "Robson is the carnation and incarration of comedy, and yet he is a business man. His genius has not sapped his sagacity. When he tells of the juicy past, and bites his forefingers, and lights his eighty-first cigar, and spits on the prayer rug in his room, he grows in my affections like a Peri. Did you ever become real inti-mate with a Peri? People who know about it say the Peri is hard to beat."

CLOSED ON HOLY WEEK. There are two important New York theaters which are closed for the entire week. One of them is conducted by T. Henry French, who is not supposed to be exactly a religious man, while the other is actively managed by Mr. George W. Lederer, who is an Israelite, and who, therefore, may be expected to view the rigors of Holy week more from a commercial than a sentimental standpoint. Palmer's and Dalley's theaters will both be closed on Good Friday night, in accordance with a custom long established in those two houses. The town, meanwhile, is full of the members of traveling companies "laying off" this week, and, all told, it appears to be a rather well established fact that there is a growing dread of poor business among theatrical managers for this particular week of the dramatic year. The custom of closing up on Good Friday night was first established, I believe, by Mary Anderson, who is an ardent Catholic. It turns out to be a good custom commercially as well as

Charles Frohman has purchased the latest of the London comedy successes, which is, according to all reports from the other side of the water, an even greater success than was "Charley's Aunt" in the earlier days of that comedy. "The New Boy" is the title of this latest production, and the big hit in it has been made by Weedon Grossmith, who, a number of years ago, was a strong success in this country as the leading comedian of Rosina Vokes's company. "The New Boy" tells of the wild acts of a couple of incorrigible young people, a boy and a girl, and it seems to have taken all London by storm. Mr. Frohman will not present it in New York until next season. He has his hands full of successes at present. The latest of his presentations, the revival of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." is playing to the utmost capacity of the house at the big Academy of Music, where last Saturday night the receipts exceeded

religiously.

The Casino Club, undertaken by the Aronson Brothers, has run against a stump. proprietors of this scheme had option on the lower floor of Casino building at a rental of \$10,000 for the period between March 15 and September 1. They failed to materfalize with their first payment the other day, and Canary and Lederer refused to extend the term of the option. It seems to be practically assured in consequence that if there is to be a Casino Club at all it will have to be conducted somewhere else than at the Casino-which will be something like the play of "Hamlet" with Ham-

let left out. William Hoey, after a period of indecis-ion, has finally concluded to go starring by himself next season, and his route is now being booked by W. D. Mann, who has for a number of years managed the prosperous affairs of Evans & Hoey. The new piece chosen for this undertaking is called "The Flams," and is from the literary workshop of Harry and Edward Paulton, who, I believe, wrote "Niobe," as well. Harry Paulton, the father of his present partner in playwriting, is also the author of the

libretto of "Erminie." Arthur Voeghtlin, the scenic artist of the Madison-square Theater, who has been sued in North Dakota for divorce on the ground of desertion, is pretty badly upset. He claims that he never deserted or in other ways badly treated his wife, whose affections, he declares, were alienated from him by a Mr. Rosenfeld, the managing director of Falk's photograph gallery in this city. Mr. Voeghtlin says he will bring suit against Rosenfeld. It was this photographer, so they say, who invented the idea of copyrighting the portraits of actors and actresses taken in Falk's gallery, and then suing newspapers who publis pictures. Of course, it was at the begin-ning a simple thing to catch newspaper publishers, and Mr. Falk for some time did a thriving business upon Rosenfeld's idea. But the leading dailies of New York, some of which had been bitten, soon formed a combination not to print any pictures taken by Falk, copyright or not, and there was an immediate tumult among the actors

and actresses, who must now go else-where for their photographs if they hope to see them published. Edward E. Rice has introduced in the performance of "1492," which goes merrily

on at the Garden Theater, a series of living pictures imported from Paris. The scheme is an elaboration of the idea originated in this country some years ago by Matt Morgan, and ultimately stopped by the authorities on account of the alleged immorality of the subjects chosen. Some of the newest pictures introduced by Mr. Rice have a tendency to naughtiness, but all of them are rendered exceedingly effective by the ingenious employment of electric lights in many hues. prepare for the spring tour of James

W. A. Brady sailed for England to-day to Corbett, through Great Britain. He told me last night that the Corbett-Jackson discussion would very likely come off in London, and that the time and place would probably be settled within the next two or three weeks.

LEANDER RICHARDSON, Editor Illustrated Dramatic News.

Modjeska's New Play.

Madame Helene Modjeska, who is now on her final tour before going to Europe for at least one season, at the end of which she expects to return to this country for a farewell to the American stage, will begin her engagement at the Grand Opera House Thursday night. She will open in "Camille," a character in which she has no rivals. On Friday night and Saturday afternoon the great tragedienne will present for the first time here her new play, "Magda," and on Saturday night will close her engagement with a grand revival of "The Merchant of Venice." The principal interest in the engagement, however, will be in the new play, in which Modjeska will assume the title role of Magda, a sociological drama from the German "Heimath" of Hermann Suderman.

Although Suderman is scarcely thirty-six

years of age, he holds a leading position among European dramatists; he is naturalist, but differs from Tolstoi and Ibsen, in that he deals with the moral forces of everyday life, while the Russian and Norwegian authors delve for what is exceptional and abnormal, and found their stories and dramas upon conditions which are morbid. Suderman has contributed three important works-the most important being Madga, which is rich in psychological observations. In drawing his characters the author reveals a profound knowledge of human nature, and in play-writing he handles in masterly style the problem presented by the conflict between the morals of tradition and the morals of the outer The action of the drama is energetic and intense. The chief roles are Madga, Major Schubert (her father) and Dr. Weber (a rector). The scenes are laid in the drawing room of Major Schubert's house, in a prominent town in northeast Germany. The Major is an old man, true to his faith and his king, with the reverence for the doctrine of authority -the authority of the husband over the wife, and the father over the children. He denounces with flercest invective any modern ideas opposed to such conception of authority. "God be thanked," he proudly exclaims, "in my family, at least, authority is supreme." And yet, twelve years before this, his elder daughter, Madga, extricated herself from the trammels of this authority, by leaving home because her sought to force her to Dr. whom she Weber, Madga in lives her father's memory as a lost daughter of whom no mention must be made in his presence, though he carries at his side a constant reminder of his misfortunes in the shape of an arm paralyzed from its effect. After battling with the world and winning her way to the very pinnacle of her art, she is engaged to sing at a musical festival to be held in the quiet little town where she was reared, and where her father still lives. Her father, who thinks that his daughter perished in the maelstrom of life, is staggered to learn that the prima donna who is known by the name fo Maddalena de l'Orto is none other than his child

Magda. Dr. Weber, who has remained single, and whose life has been devoted to self-sacrifice and Christian work, persuades the father to readmit his daughter to her home. Her individualism has asserted itself during her twelve years' experience with the world, and she is scarcely beneath the paternal roof before the old conflict is renewed. The father is consumed with doubts about how Magda has managed to pay for all her glory, her wealth and her position. Has she remained pure? The thought fairly haunts him, and there is something about her manner that feeds the flame of his suspicion. Von Keller, who is now a frequent visitor at Magda's home. has been her bertayer while she was alone in Berlin studying for the operatic stage, and deserted her, leaving her to struggle with their child as best she could

confession is extorted by her father, whereupon Von Keller offers to marry Madga and right the wrong he has done. All goes well until Von Keller refuses to acknowledge the child and insists on its being brought up in secrecy. Madga's maternal instincts revolt at this and she declines to acept his hand in marriage. Her father undertakes to force her consent, and warns her that unless granted "neither will leave the room alive." Failing to gain her consent he seizes a pistol to kill her, when the excitement superinduces a second stroke of paralysis and he falls to the floor. The family rush in, and the rector and Madga's younger sister, Marie, beg the dying man to forgive his daughter

but he refuses and, passes away, with Mad-

ga prostrated with grief at n:s feet. The room in which the action takes place is severe in its simplicity, and its common furniture and housewifely neatness throws into strong relief the luxurious figure of the returned prodigal daughter. The portraits of the Kaiser and Moltke, the case of butterflies, the bow window with its antique draperies, the old German stove and the rank of long German pipes are all characteristic of the country in which the Madame Modjeska will be supported by

Mr. Otis Skinner and a thoroughly capable company. The sale of seats will begin to-

morrow morning. "The Skating Rink."

Robert Griffin Morris's farce-comedy "The Skating Rink," rejuvenated and refreshed by the introduction of new features, will be presented at English's Opera House the last three nights of the week. It was in this comedy that Nat Goodwin first came into prominence, and the now famous comedian appeared in it at the Grand Opera House some years ago. It has been revived by and the present production is under the direction of the author. Like the majority of farce-comedies "The Skating Rink" depends very largely upon the people presenting it for its success. Recognizing this fact. Mr. Morris has engaged a company that will probably get out of the piece all there is in it, and that means a pleasing entertainment. The well-known comedian Fred Frear plays Goodwin's old character, and his work is spoken of as highly satisfactory. The cast contains others known to be capable, among them Blanche Chapman, Flora Finlayson, Leah Van Dyck, James Sturges, Eleanor O'Vane and others. The play as revised had a successful run in Philadelphia and other places, and it is promised that the performance will develop many novelties in the way of good specialties and musical selections.

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon." Beginning to-morrow afternoon and continuing all week, Fowler and Warmington's farce-comedy company will appear in that rollicking musical skit, "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," a piece first brought into prominence by Louis Harrison. The play has not been presented in this city for nearly ten years, and then by the comedian mentioned. It was one of the most successful of the farces and has been kept on the road nearly all the time since it was first produced. It is one of the plot-less pieces, being merely a well arranged and easy-going vehicle by means of which the company presents a variety of songs, dances and light absurdities for the amusement of the audience. As such it rarely fails to meet with approval, provided the various characters are in the hands of capable people, and the promise is made that the Fowler and Warmington combination is one that will give the play in a per-fectly satisfactory manner. The performance is described as being up to date in its various songs and incidental features, and

will doubtless find favor with the patrons Primrose and West's Minstrels. Primrose and West and their big company of performers will begin a limited engagement at the Grand Opera House Tuesday night. In late years this organization has stood at the head of minstrel combinations, and has given an excellent straight minstrel performance. By liberality, good judgment in the selection of people and careful arrangement of the material on hand. Primrose and West have kept to the front and acquired a name second to none. It is claimed that this season's company is really the strongest and best equipped organization they have ever had, and if one. Novelties and new features of various kinds have been added to a long list of entertaining specialties that combine to make a performance of genuine merit. A comparatively calm again it was noticed burlesque football game is one of the new that a mild-looking young man who occuideas introduced, and it is spoken of as a striking and novel feature. The company includes several good singers, and the musical part of the entertainment is said to face.

be especially pleasing. The new spectacular first part has attracted much attention, and the comedians, it is strongly promised, will introduce nothing but new gags. There will be a street parade each day of the engagement, which is for two nights and a Wednesday matinee.

At the Empire Theater.

The attraction at the Empire all the coming week, commencing Monday matinee, will be Lester & William's aggregation of variety talent in the new version of "Me and Jack." This company has been seen in this city during former seasons, and was always a big success. This season it has been revised and added to until it is up to date in every way. Dandylion Joe, Wildrose, the tramps "Me and Jack," and all the popular old-time characters are to be

Besides this excellent burlesque a very strong olio is given, introducing some notable lights of the vaudeville profession, headed by Lester and Williams. Ernest Roeber, the champion Graeco-Roman wrestler of the world, who, together with Charles Richards, a heavy-weight wrestler, will be additional attractions, and will meet all comers during the week in fifteen-minute bouts, and offer to give \$2 a minute for each minute it takes to throw opponent after first five minutes.

"The Pearl of Savoy."

The beautiful five-act comedy drama, "The Pearl of Savoy," will be presented at St. Joseph's Hall on next Thursday evening. The actors, Messrs. William Lloyd and Frederick Lorraine, take leading roles, and will be assisted by the following wellknown amateurs: Misses Kate Ward, Ada Metzger, Theresa Ward, Gertrude Morgan, and Messrs. Herman Frey, Willis L. Scudder, Thomas Sullivan and Bert Hunter. The programme will be varied by the introduction of instrumental and vocal numbers by Miss Mabel Glenn and Mr. Fremont Frey. These will be rendered between acts in place of the usual orchestral numbers. The rehearsals of "The Pearl of Savoy" indicate a finished performance, and an effort is being made to improve, if possible, on the production of "A Cele-brated Case," which was presented at St. Joseph's Hall some weeks ago by the same cast. The performance is to be given un-der the auspices of the Knights of St. John, and the proceeds will be given to

the hall fund. Howe-Lavin Concert. The Howe-Lavin Concert Company will give a concert in this city April 3 under the auspices of the Art Association. The company includes Mrs. Mary Howe Lavin, Mr. William Lavin, who are great favorites in this city. Three other members of the company were last here with the Flower Mission Fair last fall, when Mme. Nordica was the soprano. Signor Campanari, the baritone, Miss Von Strosch, the violinist, and Isadore Luckstone, planist, are also with the company. The programme will include eleven numbers, a solo by Mr. Luckstone, two solos by Mrs. Howe-Lavin, a duet by her with Mr. Lavin and a trio with Mr. Lavin and Sig. Campanari, two solos by Miss Von Strosch, two solos by Sig. Campanari and two solos by Mr. Lavin

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Not Sensitive.

Chicago Tribune. Fweddy (lighting a cigarette)-You-aw -don't mind my smoking, do you? Stranger-Not at all, sir, I work in glue factory.

One Reason. Good News. Sunday School Teacher-Do you know why people fast during Lent?

their complexions. City Snow.

Little Miss D'Avnoo (promptly)-To clear

Good News. Neighbor-Is your mother's new cook white girl? City Child-No, ma'am; she's a mullatojust the color of snow.

Required but a Glance.

Pearson's Weekly. Adeline-What would you do if you were

pair about four times smaller. Two Wishes.

Madge (after a glance at them)-Get a

Truth. He-I wish that I were a girl so that I might kiss you. She—I wish that you were a man so that might be willing to let you kiss me.

A Lazy Boy.

Good News. Teacher-You are the laziest boy I ever saw. How do you expect to earn a living when you grow up? Lazy Boy (yawning)-Dunno. Guess I'll

An Interesting Conversation. Good News.

Mother-Did you try to make yourself agreeable at Mrs. Hightone's? Little Daughter-Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our caller said about her, and she seemed to be real interested.

His Ambition.

Pearson's Weekly. "Willie," said the visitor, "what is your "I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere men-

tion of my name." Their Treasure.

Old Gotterof-So you really love our

daughter? Charley Van New-I do. Old Gotterof-Very well; you may have her. But don't take her from us too soon, my boy-not too soon from her old father and mother. Not before to-morrow! Promise me that!

Saving Him Trouble. New York Weakly.

Mrs. Van Bright-You have become quite an adept in palmistry, I believe. Young Squeezem-Yes, I have studied it Mrs. Van Bright-Well, I have had plaster impression taken of my daughter's hand, and, if you wish to study it, you can do so at your leisure. It will save you the trouble of a personal examination.

Steak All Right for Once.

New York Weekly. Wife (late to breakfast)-Mercy! That cook has ruined this steak. One end is burnt black and the other end is raw. Husband (who came down early)-'Tisn't burnt at all-just nice and brown, that's all. The other end is a little rare, but I like

it that way. "Nonsense. I'll ring for the cook at once." "Then who broiled the steak?"

Those Sensational Newspapers. New York Weskly.

Mr. Reader-The papers mention a number of instances in which labor unions have loaned money to employers, in order to keep the works running during the dull Mrs. Reader-Yes, I noticed that; but I don't believe it. "Why not?"

"I told Bridget about it, and asked her to lend me some money to pay her wages, and she got as mad as a hornet."

Revenge. Chicago Tribune.

It was a through train. And the weary night dragged itself reluctantly along.

"Little boy," said the gentle-voiced young man, who had been trying for hours in vain to sleep, as he leaned across the aisle and spoke to a restless, wide-awake youngster who was taking his first ride on the cars and didn't want to sleep anyhow, "do you see that fat old gentleman near the middle of the car, with his head leaning back on

"That old man that's snorin' so loud?" "Been snorin' ever so long, hain't he?" "I think he has. In fact, I am quite sure he has. You see him, do you?"

"You'd like to earn a dime, wouldn't you, "Well, I am his physician. He is traveling for his health. You see this half of a lemon, do you?"

"About this time every night I prescribe lemon juice for him. What I want you to do, little boy-here's your dime-is to go quietly down the aisle, get in the seat behind him and squeeze the juice of this half lemon right into his open mouth." "Mebby he won't like it.

"Yes, he will. It's the way I always administer it. He'll swallow it and be a great deal better. Here's another dime. Go and give him the lemon juice and say nothing When the tumult had subsided and the suddenly awakened passengers had become

MAN WHO DOES POLICE

Little Events in the Daily Life of This Useful Reporter.

Men Whom He Has on His Staff-How He Keeps a Good Story from "Killing."

The police reporter of a morning news-

paper sees a side of life where the color-

ing is the most varied. In his capacity as

the gatherer of news peculiar to his de-

partment he is accorded an admirable op-

portunity of observing mankind. He finds

all that is good in the lives of those with

whom he is brought in contact and does not lose sight of the shallow places. An extensive acquaintance must be his. He knows the keeper of the high-toned gaming room and the habitues of the resort, for he has met them at "headquarters." A large per cent. of his acquaintances are made in the little office of the police turnkey, consequently the circle is not limited by any means to the gambler and thief. A party of gentlemen may have been surprised while making a night of it and it is necessary to call the patrol. It is an incident unusual if the police reporter is not present when the party is landed at the station. He recognizes the prisoners as "our best young men," but discreetly holds his peace. He is also recognized by the discomfited rounders and many a highbred swell has trembled in his boots at thought of the awful havoc the police reporter may make of his gilded reputation. But the latter individual is obliging, usually. If there is not a "story" in the arrest he makes a friend for life by assuring the trembling applicant for reportorial favor that there will be nothing said about it. It is the business of the police reporter to scent the "story" and if he sees a glorious possibility of securing a "fourline" head he coolly refers the petitioner to the city editor. Here he knows that his story is safe. The city editor once gloried in the "police run," and it doesn't

require many words with the repentant rounder to place him on the alert. 'Certainly, we will be glad to oblige you, if we can," he says with a chilling polite-"I shall speak to our police reporter about it." The conversation with the latter gentleman invariably ends with the order to "write it up." It is written up, and with appropriate trimmings, but the police reporter is absolved from blame, for, as he tells the irate gentleman the next day, he "left the matter entirely with his

About the newspaper office the police re-

porter moves with a dignity not overshad-

by the highest-priced man on the He sits in his "stall" at the midnight hour when news is being "cut to the bone." A few feet away, at the "city desk," he hears the swish of a penoil as the chief of the city room runs through the "copy" placed before him. He is not dis-turbed, for he knows that some other fellow's effort is being shorn of its gems instead of his. The police reporter's "copy" may require editing, but it ought not be "cut." Everything else should be sacrificed to the shears and the merciless blue penci first, he thinks. He deals in murder, suicide, arson and burglary, news that attracts attention. People like to read about a crime, and the police reporter knows it; hence his conceit is pardonable. Occasionally he moralizes and dips into sentiment. It is then that he is the badly used victim of the "blue pencil." Perhaps he is sent out to report a suicide and is touched by the distress of the family. He grows flow-ery in his report, forgetful of the fact that people want the details as they were. Next day he will probably not be able to recognize his work, for his flowers are gone city editor's touch has done the work of an autumn frost. But these occasions are rare, and if the paper is running over with matter and something must be "killed," it will not be a murder or a suicide. There may be a hurried consultation of the heads of departments to determine just where the sacrifice should be made, but the police reporter awaits the verdict calmly, for he knows that his "story" will run. The foreman may come in from the composing room with a frown and vow that he will not run another line. The police reporter smiles complacently to himself, for this is an old complaint. He has heard it many times before, and he swells out with importance when he remembers how often he has gotten in a "murder" even after the mystic "30" has been wired by the Associated Press. It may have been necessary to make a "second," and second editions cost money, but the police reporter does not worry about that. He gets his "story" in the paper, and he is happy. There are two events in the existence of the police reporter that serve to annoy him. The first is that uncomfortable feeling that he is being "scooped" by the rival paper. The other and less formidable annoyance lies in the fact that he will not be able to

get into print a certain "story" which he

has taken zealous pride in securing. Per-haps it is because of the prominence of the parties in disgrace that the episode is not used, or it may be that the details of the item are not proper for publication. In either case the police reporter is a disgusted individual. With withering scorn he comments on the inconsistency of humanity, and goes about his work in despair. Some morning he awakes to find himself ingloriously "scooped." There is, perhaps, no event in the life of the young man who does the police work so perfectly adapted toward taking the starch out of him than to peruse the files of the rival paper and locate a sensation that he hasn't heard of Of course it's a piece of police news, and the reporter sits down to brood. First he feels that he is an appalling failure as a police reporter. No matter if he has "scooped" his rival a half dozen times in succession, his previous glory does not count in this case. Then he begins to wonder how it came about and instantly feels that he has a grievance against the who'e police department. He pictures to himself how his rival has the night before "worked" him and he runs over the list of patrolmen, but can't recall to mind an enemy. After a while he takes a philosophical view of the matter and attributes the "scoop" to the luck of the other fellow.

The chief official on the "staff" of the police reporter is the superintendent of police, for here is the source of news. The two often become confidential friends and occasionally a great secret is imposed in the reporter by the chief. It is safe, for betrayal of confidence is not in the line of the news gatherer. He may have the "story" a week before it is "ripe," but it is buried. The night captain is another warm friend of the police reporter. At 7 o'clock roll call if there is a "raid" to be made the captain "puts a bug in the ear" of the reporter. It goes no further, but the newspaper man is in at the roundup. He appreciates these little c urtesies and fights the captain's battles on all occasions. Then there is the sergeant, the turnkey and the man on the 'phone. The police reporter cultivates them all; it is policy, and they are really good fellows beside. He knows the firemen and the ambulance doctor and a host of others who never forget him when there is a casualty. The police reporter has little time for social duties. His inheritance is the "dog watch," which means that he is the last man away from the office in the morning and his society is the criminal and the offi-cer of the law. His duties mostly lay in the shadows and he is daily brought face to face with the worst element of life. But after all he is not a grumbler. Give him a "first-page story" and a "scoop" on his rival now and then and he is pretty well satisfied.

Why the Wife Takes the Husband's

Dublin Times. It is said that the practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name at marriage originated from a Roman custom, and became common after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Again this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth, and even the beginning of the seventeenth century, the usage seems doubtful, since we see Catherine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stewart (not Seymour). Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. It was decided in the case of Bon vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives that of her husband.

CORNELL GLEE, BANJO

MANDOLIN CLUB WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 28. Tickets now on sale at Box Office, at English's, at

Tuesday and Wednesday Nights

MARCH 27 AND 28

Matinee Wednesday

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

PRIMROSE and WEST'S

FAMOUS MINSTRELS WITH THE GREATEST COMPANY THEY HAVE EVER OWNED.

NEW ACTS! - NEW FACES! - NEW IDEAS! Acknowledged the Standard of Excellence. If you want to see a Minstrel Show come and see us.

See the Minstrel Sensation.

THE GREAT GAME OF FOOTBALL, THE HAYALES VS. THE HEARTIES,

Prices-Orchestra and boxes, \$1; dress circle, 75c; balcony, 50c; gallery, 25c.

Matinee-Lower floor, 50c; balcony, 25c. Seats on sale. GRAND-OPERA-HOUSE-SPECIAL

Farewell appearance before her European tour, Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matines and night, March 29, 30, 31.

AND- OTIS SKINNER

In the following magnificent productions:

SATURDAY NIGHT, An imposing revival of

FRIDAY NIGHT and SATURDAY MATINEE,

First presentation in this city of Sudermann's powerful and successful new play,

Full New York company and complete metropolitan production guaranteed. Tour under direction of FRANK L. PERLEY and J. J. BUCK-

Prices-All lower floor, \$1.50; first two rows in balcony, \$1; balance balcony, 75c; gallery, 25c. Mat-

ENGLISH'S Coming

The Bright Musical Comedy,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE, MARCH 29, 30, 31.

RECORD. RUN of

Produced under the direction of the author,

ROBERT : GRIFFIN : MORRIS

First-class Appointments.

WITH AN ALL STAR CAST. Elegant Scenery.

Fred Frear James Sturges Harry Nelson Nat B. Cantor Joseph F. Spark Surpassing Specialties. | Larry Phillips

EDDIE SHAYNE.

CAST.

Blanche Chapman

Flora Finlaysen

Leah Van Dyck

Eleanor O'Vane

Leona Clarke

Belle Martin

Prices-Orchestra, 75c; orchestra circle, \$1; dress circle, 50c; balcony, 25c; gallery, 15c. Matinee-All lower floor 50c; balcony, 25c.

The Latest Musical Numbers.

BUDD ROSS,

TT ONE WEEK BEGINNING

FOWLER AND WARMINGTON'S

COMEDIANS In their Revised and Reconstructed Version of

the play that has made all America laugh,

-BY THE-

-- AND A --BRILLIANT SUPPORTING

- INTRODUCING -

CHAS. J. HAGAN, J. A. WEBER,

LIDA WELLS, MAE WORDEN,

DUDIE TRACY, KATEBROWNING

NEW FEATURES, NEW SPECIALTIES,

Light of the Moon The Loudest Laugh of the Season

First Time in Indianapolis in Ten Years.

EMDIDE Wabash and Delaware UND WYCLN

COMMENCING TO-MORROW MATINEE | Matinee Daily at 2. Every Evening at 8. Lester and Williams's

"ME AND JACK"

ERNEST ROEBER'S ATHLETIC SCHOOL, Introducing

ERNEST ROEBER, Champion Graeco-Roman Wrestler of the world, accompanied by CHARLES RICHARDS. THEY WILL MEET ALL COMERS. 2 BIG SHOWS IN ONE. DON'T MISS IT.

BICYCLE: DEALERS

AND AGENTS We have the exclusive sale in Indiana of the Western Wheel Works and Central Cycle Co.'s 1894 Machines.

Are now appointing agents and allotting

territory. Write for catalogue and prices. Comparison of wheels and prices invited.

H. T. HEARSEY & CO., : INDIANAPOLIS





SUNDAY JOURNAL, \$2 Per Annu